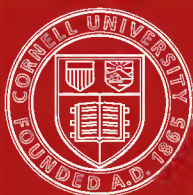


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THE PULPIT AND ROSTRUM.

ITALIAN INDEPENDENCE.

ADDRESSES BY

REV. JOS. P. THOMPSON, D.D.,	REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER,
REV. HENRY W. BELLOWES, D.D.,	PROF. O. M. MITCHELL.

LETTERS FROM

PROF. BENJAMIN SILLIMAN,	HON. CHARLES SUMNER,
HON. G. S. HILLARD.	

The occasion on which these addresses and letters were given to the public was a meeting of sympathy with the toiling Italian patriots, held in the City Assembly Rooms, New York, February 17th, 1860.

It was an immense and enthusiastic gathering of influential citizens of New York and Brooklyn.

The President of the meeting was HON. JAMES W. BEEKMAN.

The Vice-Presidents were—

JOHN W. FRANCIS, M.D., LL.D.,
PROF. BENJ. D. SILLIMAN,
ISAAC FERRIS, D.D., LL.D.,
HON. HAMILTON FISH,
HON. GEO. H. FOLSOM,
HON. WM. F. HAVEMEYER,
REV. FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D.D.
REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER,
PROF. S. F. B. MORSE,
REV. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, D.D.,
HON. JOHN A. DIX,
CHARLES KING, LL.D.,
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ROBERT B. MINTURN, Esq.,
WM. B. OGDEN, Esq.,
WATTS SHEERMAN, Esq.,
G. F. SOUTER, Esq.,
PETER COOPER, Esq.,
N. W. ELLIOTT, Esq.,
EDWARD COOPER, Esq.

GEO. W. BLUNT, Esq., was chosen Secretary.

THE RESOLUTIONS.

The Rev. Jos. P. THOMPSON, D.D., then offered the following resolutions:

Whereas, during the months which have elapsed since the expulsion of the Austrians from Lombardy, the flight of the Dukes from Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, and the revolution in Romagna, the inhabitants of Central Italy, by their moderation, self-control, respect for social and civil rights, and wise administration of public affairs, have demonstrated their entire unanimity of purpose, and their ability to sustain a constitutional government upon the basis of independent nationality; and

Whereas, the governments of Great Britain and France have declared their recognition of the independence thus attained, and their determination not to permit the intervention of any foreign Power to force back upon the Italian people the dynasties and rulers which they have rejected; and

Whereas, a people who have so worthily achieved and maintained their national independence deserve that cordial recognition and sympathy for freedom by which the people of the United States—precluded from political interference in foreign affairs—are entitled to make their influence felt in the great family of nations; therefore,

Resolved, That, as American citizens, we recognize and affirm the right of the people of Central Italy to choose for themselves that form of government which seems to them the best fitted to promote their safety and happiness.

Resolved, That the armed intervention of a foreign Power, to prevent the people of any country from adopting whatever form of government they may prefer, should be regarded as a violation of the comity of nations, and that such intervention, from any quarter, in the affairs of Central Italy, should be promptly rebuked by the civilized world.

Resolved, That we hail with thankfulness the policy of non-intervention in Italian affairs so clearly laid down in the French pamphlet entitled "*Le Pape et le Congrès*," and the consistent and magnanimous declarations of the Emperor of the French in accordance with that policy.

Resolved, That the declaration of the Queen of Great Britain, in her speech at the opening of Parliament, against armed intervention by any foreign Power in Italian affairs, is worthy of the position and policy of England as a champion of civil and religious freedom and of national independence.

Resolved, That the heroic devotion of Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia, to the cause of Italian nationality and independence, has won for him the admiration of the American people, and will give him a name among the benefactors of mankind.

Resolved, That ecclesiastical government in secular affairs is destructive alike of freedom of conscience, independence of thought, and purity of religion, and that the advocacy of such a government, in whatever quarter, should be disavowed by American citizens as contrary to the first principles of American freedom, to the experience of our national history, and the teachings and example of the fathers of the Revolution.

Resolved, That we tender to the people of Italy our warmest congratulations upon the measure of independence to which they have already attained, and the assurance of our sympathy and moral support, so long as they shall remain true to order, justice, and liberty.

REV. DR. THOMPSON'S SPEECH.

Dr. THOMPSON, after reading the resolutions, continued:—It is not my purpose, at this stage of the meeting, to offer a speech, although I have been requested by the Committee of Arrangements to address you on this occasion. I will only characterize the resolutions before you pass on them as an assembly. Each resolution, with studious care, embodies a single fact or principle. (The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher entering at this stage, was greeted with loud applause.) Sir (said Mr. Thompson, continuing), I shall only speak long enough to give Mr. Beecher time to rest and breathe. Let me proceed, then, to characterize the points embodied in these resolutions. The *first* concentrates our thoughts upon this one fact, that we recognize and affirm the right of the people of Central Italy to choose for themselves that form of government which seems to them best adapted to promote their safety and happiness. We do not insist that that government shall be republican; we do not call upon them to adopt our form of government; all that we affirm is this;—that if the people of Central Italy prefer the wise, patriotic, constitutional, beneficent, progressive government of Sardinia to a government of dukes, who fleece them in time of peace, and run away from them in time of trouble (laughter), or to that “paternal” government which taxes them to the bottom of their pockets, and then takes the money thus filched from them to hire Swiss mercenaries to butcher their wives and children—if the people of Central Italy prefer Sardinia to such governments, they have a right to their choice. Every one who in any sense believes in the right of a people to be fairly represented in and by the government under which they live, will respond to that resolution. The principle of the *second* resolution is simply the broad principle that armed intervention from without in the political concerns of any nation is a violation of the comity of nations. I need not stay to argue that to admit the right of such intervention would be to go back from this era of civilization to an age of buccaneers, and to concede the right to the strongest. The civilized world would be upturned from its foundation, if the right of interference by force in the domestic affairs of any people should be recognized among nations. I am happy to find that I have been anticipated in these remarks by the able letter of the

Hon. Mr. Dix. Non-intervention in the internal government of another country is a principle in the comity of nations which we are bound to respect ourselves, and to insist upon before all the world. The *third* resolution simply brings into prominence the declaration of that principle on the part of France. I have here an original copy of the famous pamphlet, *Le Pape et le Congrès*, which was more than a second Solferino to Austria. I will read but three or four lines from it:—"The domination of Austria in Italy is ended. Our principles require us to leave Italy to herself, and to respect the sovereignty that we ourselves have restored to her. Our honor forbids us to concede to Austria the right of armed intervention, which we do not claim for ourselves; therefore France will not intervene to re-establish the temporal authority of the Pope, and she can not permit Austria to have recourse to force to subject this people, when she repudiates its employment herself."

A GENTLEMAN in the audience inquired from what the speaker was reading.

Dr. THOMPSON—I was reading from the original pamphlet, *Le Pape et le Congrès*—and it is doubtless at least semi-official. We have seen that the course of the French Emperor [continued the speaker], since the publication of this pamphlet, has been in strict accordance with the principles there laid down. I am no eulogist of Napoleon. I have not forgotten the manner in which he ascended the throne. I witnessed the inauguration of the Emperor of France, when he entered Paris at the head of 80,000 men, and on the same night I heard from muffled voices, in a muffled chamber, the "Marsellaise Hymn" from hearts that were still beating for the freedom which they supposed France had lost. I saw at Rome the marks of the bombarding of his cannon, and I heard there also the sighs of patriots who scarcely dared to breathe their murmurs. But, sir, while I can not forget the iniquities of the past, I would not, because of these, withhold honor for present deeds. The Emperor Napoleon, since the close of the war, though for a time he seemed to disappoint public expectation, and to depart from his own programme, is carrying out that programme even more effectively than by force of arms. Let us give praise for what is good, and hope for still better in the future. The *next* resolution (I pass over them very rapidly) simply calls attention to the dec-

laration of the Queen of Great Britain, which the audience doubtless have read. Her Majesty said, on the opening of Parliament, "I accepted the invitation, but at the same time I made known that, in such a Congress, I should steadfastly maintain the principle that no external force should be employed to impose upon the people of Italy any particular government or constitution." Again, in looking forward to the future, this important declaration is repeated: "Circumstances have arisen which have led to a postponement of the Congress, without any day having been fixed for its meeting; but whether in Congress or in separate negotiation, I shall endeavor to obtain for the people of Italy freedom from foreign interference by force of arms in their internal concerns; and I trust that the affairs of the Italian Peninsula may be peacefully and satisfactorily settled." The heart of the English *people* speaks through these words of their illustrious sovereign. Perhaps the gentleman who vented a little feeling of dissatisfaction a while ago might learn a lesson of politeness from the Emperor Napoleon, if he would look at the last number of *Punch*. There is a picture there of this private understanding between her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and the Emperor Napoleon. It is a *tête-à-tête* dinner, got up in *Punch's* most exquisite style. Italy is served up on a little round table; upon one side stands a figure of Britannia, and directly behind this is Lord Russell, in a quiet, chuckling attitude, and upon the other side stands the Emperor of the French, with great dignity and good grace, saying to Britannia on the opposite side of the table, "I think we have waited long enough for the others who were invited to the Congress; perhaps we had better begin." And that beginning has settled the whole question. The *fifth* resolution is one which I am sure will command the unanimous enthusiasm of the American people—the really heroic devotion of Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia, to the cause of Italian independence. Faithful to the constitution granted in 1848, faithful to the historical and national associations of the Italian people, a true soldier, a just king, he has proved himself worthy to lead the Italians in the way of freedom, enterprise, and order. The *sixth* resolution calls attention to the great principle that ecclesiastical government in secular affairs is destructive of freedom of conscience, independence of thought, and the purity of religion. That really needs no argument. But the recent allocution of the

Pope furnishes the fittest argument with reference to this resolution. He expresses his anguish at the danger of souls in his troubled provinces, where pestilential writings affect the purity of morals. What are these pestilential writings? The sacred Scriptures in a language that the people can read, and newspapers, pamphlets, and books—this pamphlet, for example—and other matters about which the people are disposed to inquire. He desires to recover the Romagna, in order that he may exterminate from it these pestilential writings. Mark that! He would regain political control that he may oppress conscience and dictate to men their very thoughts. The moment ecclesiastical authority should be reinstated, then the press would go down, and freedom of thought would be stifled, and freedom of conscience so far as possible prohibited. This is the uniform history of ecclesiastical domination in secular affairs. The resolution further calls attention to the fact that any avowal of a preference for ecclesiastical government in secular affairs should be disowned and repudiated by American citizens as contrary to the first principles of our freedom. When the original draft of the Virginia Declaration of Rights was under discussion, Mr. Mason reported that all men should enjoy the fullest toleration in matters of religion. James Madison arose and said, "*Toleration* is not the word," and moved to amend, "that all men are equally *entitled* to the free and full exercise of religion," and, in the language of one of the most vigorous writers of the period of the Revolution (I have never seen thought better condensed than in those words), "*Toleration* is not the opposite of intolerance, but the counterfeit of it. Both are despotisms—the one assumes to itself the right of withholding liberty of conscience, the other of *granting* it." We want neither. We claim the right of conscience for each and every man in all matters of faith, and the moment you intermingle ecclesiastical government with civil affairs, whether it be by Puritan, Prelate, Presbyterian, or Pope, you at once trample conscience in the dust, you at once bind thought in a prison-house, you at once defile religion itself. We are not here to-night, as you have so happily said, sir, to cast any reflection upon any man's religion. I respect and contend for the right of any man to honor the Pope, if he sees fit, as the head of his religious faith; and should the Pope himself come hither as an exile, we should all say, Protect his gray hairs from insult, even if we have to call out the Seventh Regiment to

do it. No Catholic priest shall be insulted for his faith in this land. No Roman Catholic shall have his conscience infringed upon here by law. But, sir, when a man calling himself an American citizen gives his allegiance to some temporal power outside of this country, then, if there is such a crime, that is constructive treason. I speak deliberately. I draw the line sharply between homage to the Pope as the head of an *ecclesiastical* organization—even though he be at the same time a secular prince—and homage to him as a *sovereign*, in civil as well as ecclesiastical affairs, claiming an oath of fealty to himself above and beyond the claims of all governments and states. To give *that* allegiance to a foreign potentate is the very spirit of treason, which needs but the favoring opportunity to break forth into the act. I know that the sentiment of American citizens would disavow any effort to ecclesiastical dictation in secular affairs. I close now, sir, with a single word in reference to the *last* resolution. The people of Italy have proved themselves worthy of our confidence, sympathy, and support, since the sudden peace at Solferino. Most gladly would we include in these congratulations unhappy Venice. I have here a letter from Venice, which will show you, I am sure, that the spirit of Venice is not yet crushed under the iron heel of Austria. I will read a few lines that will demonstrate that fact. Venice can get no Italian to represent the Austrian government. No one is found willing, for the sake of Austria, to expose himself to the vengeance of Austria. The theaters are deserted. Why? Because the Austrians go there, and there is a kind of conspiracy to prevent all pleasure, because the Austrians go to them. The ladies walk out in mourning, because the Austrians hold their city, and the Austrian troops are frowned upon everywhere. My friend says that when two Venetians are walking through the streets with cigars, and they see an Austrian officer coming, one will take out a cigar and say, "*Occone un altro Solferino*"—literally, "There is need of another match." But the play on the word for the ear of the Austrian is, "We need another Solferino." The day will come when Venice will cause her claims to be known and respected by the civilized world as a member of the Italian confederation of freedom. There are elements let loose which no physical power can bind. There are forces at work that are mightier than armies. Truth is liberated, Thought is enfranchised, Conscience has assert-

ed its autonomy; and neither bayonets, nor dungeons, nor gibbets can destroy these vital and ever-vitalizing powers. With a free Lombardy, Venetia can not remain enslaved. With a free Tuscany, the Papal States and Naples must feel the light and air of liberty. In the noble words of Mrs. Browning, written even amid the disasters of 1848—

“Oh! never say ‘No more’
To Italy’s life! Her memories, undismayed,
Still argue Evermore. Her graves implore
Her future to be strong, and not afraid;
Her very statues and their looks BEFORE.”

The following letters were then read:

FROM BENJAMIN SILLIMAN.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 18, 1860.

I should be happy to attend, on the 17th instant, the meeting of sympathy with the Italian cause, to which you have done me the honor to invite me; but personal and domestic reasons, I regret to say, compel me to decline.

If, however, the opinions and wishes of a retired individual are of any importance, I am happy to add that the Italian cause, in its present aspect, appears to me the most important and interesting of all the national conflicts, whether of opinion or of arms, that now engross the attention of Europe.

Italy, the land of physical grandeur and beauty—the native land of talent, taste, and art—the land of early light in both literature and science—the land in which the love of civil and religious liberty has never expired, and in whose cause the best blood of her patriots has been freely shed in many a stern conflict with foreign and domestic despotism.

Italy, whose noble sons, armed in firm array, now stand ready to do battle for freedom and future security. Italy, whose enlightened and intrepid navigator solved the great problem of a new world beyond the ocean! Italy, whose classic poetry charmed our early years, and whose attractions, still rich and delightful, have equally charmed our sober evening of life, as we have roamed through the Peninsula—from the glaciers of the Alps to the fires of Vesuvius and Etna. This illustrious Italy, by the favor of God and by the aid of allies, wise in counsel and valiant in action, has already risen from the dust and ruins of ages, and is now robing her beautiful form in the grateful vestments of liberty and glory, to be worn, as we trust, for ages yet to come.

Every true-hearted American bids her God-speed, and such is the fervent wish, now cheered and sustained by hope, of Italy’s sincere friend and admirer,

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN.

FROM THE HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

SENATE CHAMBER, Feb. 16, 1860.

GENTLEMEN: You have done me no more than justice when you suppose that my sympathies are with Italy in her present noble struggle. If I do not attend the meeting at New York, according to the invitation with which I have been honored, it is because other duties here keep me away.

To the cause of human freedom everywhere I am bound by all ties, whether of

feeling or principle. To Italy, also—venerable, yet ever young, with that fatal gift of beauty which from all time she has worn—I confess a sentiment of love and reverence; I am sorrowful in her sorrow and happy in her happiness.

Surely by her past history, and all that Italy has done for human improvement, we are her debtors. Without Italian genius, what now would be modern civilization? There is no art or science, or activity or grace, in which she has not excelled and led the way. If I went into details, I must mention not only sculpture, painting, engraving, and music, but also astronomy, navigation, book-keeping, and jurisprudence; and I must present an array of great names, such as no other country can boast. And to all these I must add the practical discoveries of the marine compass, the barometer, the telescope applied to astronomy, and the pendulum as a measurer of time.

To the political skeptics and infidels, who affect to doubt the capacity for freedom of this illustrious people, I would say that Italy, in modern times, was the earliest home of political science, and the earliest author of some of those political truths which have since passed into principles. Besides, divided into separate sovereign states, with separate systems of legislation, her condition is coincident with our own to the extent of possessing those local facilities for self-government which are our boast. And then there is the spirit of her sons, as shown in recent efforts, giving assurance of courage, and of that rarer wisdom which knows how to guide and temper courage, both of which shone so conspicuous in the Venetian Manin, worthy compeer of our own Washington.

Allow me to add that I confidently look to the day when we may welcome into the fellowship of nations a community, new in external form, but old in its constituent parts—separate in local governments, but bound in federal union—with one national flag, one national coin, and one national principle, giving to all the strength of unity, *E Pluribus Unum*—and constituting the United States of Italy. And may God speed this good time.

Accept the assurance of the respect with which I have the honor to be, gentlemen, faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

FROM J. S. HILLARD.

Boston, Feb. 14, 1860.

GENTLEMEN: I have received an invitation from you to attend a meeting of the friends of Italy, to be held in New York on the 17th inst. You do me but justice when you express a confident hope that my "sympathies lean toward your side." They do, indeed, and I have only to express the regret which I feel that my engagements here will not permit me to be present at your meeting. I shall be with you in spirit. Italy is to me a name fragrant with beautiful recollections. I recall the time I spent there as one recalls by day a strain of music heard in the watches of the night. How many hours of toil have been refreshed—how many hours of pain have been soothed—by the lovely pictures I brought away from your country! For the last twelve years I have watched with an interest second only to your own, her eventful history. It is not merely the partial feeling of a friend, but the calm judgment of a disinterested observer, which affirms that the conduct and attitude of the Italian people, since the peace of Villafranca, deserve, and have won, the admiring sympathy of the friends of freedom all over the world. The people of Italy have shown themselves worthy of the blood that flows in their veins. And they have shown this by the display of rare qualities, such as more than any others try the frame and soul of man. For in this life, nothing is harder than to wait. Even to act bravely is a less noble function of the soul than to endure calmly. The martyr's

palm is a higher crown than the hero's laurel. And this patient continuance—this silent strength—this serene fortitude—is all the more admirable because there is in it no alloy of apathy or insensibility. The Italians are a sensitive, finely organized people, quickly responsive to the touch alike of pleasure or pain; patience seems not with them a quality indigenous to the soil; and thus the more merit is theirs for having so successfully cultivated it. In them the law in the members has been subdued by the law in the mind. They have taken counsel of their reason, and not of their impetuous blood. They have ruled their own spirit, and theirs is a spirit not easily ruled.

And this attitude of the Italian people has wrought its legitimate results. It has secured for them a large measure of sympathy and respect. And more than this; it has led wise and grave men—men not under the control of their emotions and their sensibilities—to the conclusion that a people who have shown so much patience and self-control are worthy of being taken out of political leading strings and allowed to walk alone.

I spent most of the last summer in England. The English, as you know, are a generous people, but not very excitable or enthusiastic; their sympathies are not moved by a slight touch; but among all those whom it was my fortune to meet, young and old, liberal and courteous, I found but one feeling of interest in the Italian cause, and of respect and admiration for the conduct and people of Italy; and should there be any attempt to force upon them a form of government distasteful to them, I am sure that all England would ring from side to side with a voice of indignant remonstrance. The heart of humanity is on your side of Italy; and its primal affections fight in her behalf, as the stars in their course fought against Sisera. This aggregated and accumulated sympathy, to which every generous heart in Christendom contributed a share, is not indeed immaterial force, but it is a power which those who wield the material forces of the world are compelled to respect. It is an invisible, a spiritual power; but it penetrates to the council chambers of tyranny; it hangs with paralyzing weight upon the arm of the hireling soldiers; it animates the freeman's heart and braces his frame; no ruler is so strong in material resources as to be beyond its reach; every advance in civilization gives it fresh influence. I am not disposed to over-estimate the importance of such meetings as that which you propose to hold, but Italy is fairly entitled to a word of sympathy from this great country, which, in common with all the civilized world, owes so much to her. Shall not we, who were born free, stretch out a hand of fellowship to those who have shown themselves ready to purchase their freedom with a great price? They have nothing more to do than to persevere in the firm and heroic attitude they have thus far maintained. To me, who am not of an over-sanguine mood, the future of Italy seems full of hope; but, be this as it may, her past can not be taken from her. Her conduct during the last year has added to the world's historical wealth, and enlarged the debt we already owed to her. Every native of Italy has fresh cause to be proud of the land of his birth, and we who love her, though not children of her soil, have reason to be grateful to her for having justified our confidence and responded to our hopes. Yours in sincere sympathy and warm interest,

J. S. HILLARD.

DR. BELLOWS' SPEECH.

MR. PRESIDENT—I suppose nobody would pretend that the cause of liberty in England had made *formal* progress in our day, or that the struggles for free institutions anywhere had with-

in our generation been attended with encouraging success. Some of us recollect the excited sympathies of the country, inflamed by the generous-hearted Henry Clay, with the South American republics; still more with the hopes of Greece, awakened from her long and beautiful, but deadly slumber; later still, the enthusiastic but short-lived interest aroused in the cause of Hungarian liberty by the poet-prophet statesman—his tongue a sword, dripping now with honey, now with blood—the faithful, patient, incorruptible Kossuth; and, last of all, the universal gladness and hope that swelled up to welcome the French Republic with “Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,” for its glorious tricolor. Alas! the South American republics and Mexico seem to be rather providential scourges of the political pride of the Western Hemisphere, offsets and counterbalances of American free institutions, than anything else—caricatures and parodies of our Northern American States. Greece, with little thanks to her government, seems now just beginning, with her commerce and her public schools, to be justifying tardily our hopes, and to convert Byron’s pathetic line,

“’Tis Greece, but living Greece no more,”

into a less accurate description of that transcendently interesting land.

Hungary, with her heroes banished to every quarter of the world, still lies buried beneath Austrian taxes and regiments. And France, on whose republican soil I stood in ’49, is, in ’60, under an essential autocrat, with the liberty of the press denied, and the mouths of her best patriots sealed in a banishment they are too proud to be relieved of.

I am not insensible to the talents, and would not deny the chivalrons courage and generous instincts of Louis Napoleon; but neither can I forget his treachery to his oaths, and his evident dynastic ambition, maintained at every expense to the liberties of France. I admire his governmental powers, his firm will, his amazing sagacity, and acknowledge his vast success. But success is not honor; genius is not worth; and Louis Napoleon’s real repute among honest men in our day is well signified by the Roman pasquinade which exhibits an Italian rubbing a Napoleon between his fingers, and exclaiming, “It is very difficult to decide whether this be a genuine or a counterfeit coin.”

Meanwhile, almost every constitution wrested by popular insurrection from the hands of the petty principalities in Enrope has been recalled by military despotism, backed by a conspiracy of the greater powers to repel the instincts of popular liberty.

During this generation, our own land, as a free country, has lost name and moral influence in Europe, by the nature of our own political strifes and social difficulties. The occasional mob law in our new States, and not uncommonly in all our great cities; the bloody conflicts of our Legislature, and the terrible vulgarity of our Congressional arena; the insecurity of life and limb; the suppression of free speech in public debate; the materialism and recklessness of our national character, all have lessened our *moral* prestige in Europe, and made neither our example as contagious, nor our sympathy as inspiring as they once were.

Indeed, there is a new reason for meeting to express our sympathy with the efforts for foreign liberty, since it has become so dangerous to express it for liberty at home; and if that sacred torch burns fitfully and luridly on its supposed native soil, we may well meet to congratulate each other at any appearance of its rekindling upon the old altars it once warmed.

Still, spite of appearances, whether at home or abroad, we are not to believe that the essential cause of liberty has gone backward in the last generation. Only, that cause, as the most sacred and precious of all others to humanity, has shown itself to be a more difficult one to maintain—a cause presupposing greater sacrifices, a higher and purer wisdom, a longer and more serious training than we had thought. The despotic powers of all governments represent rather grim necessities than voluntary tyrannies. They incarnate the stolidity, sensuality, and obduracy of the popular character, or its enervation and levity. As men make the idols they worship, so they make the tyrants they serve, so they require the pomp and splendor that they shiver and starve to maintain, so they call for the bayonets and sabers they carry, the fortresses and citadels they man, to keep themselves in order. It is not that Liberty is less precious or less practicable, but only more costly and laborious. It is not a shanty to be thrown up in a night, but a temple to be reared by successive generations. The price of liberty is not only eternal vigilance, but it is also eternal labor and sacrifice. It is by the want of this conviction that our own institutions and govern-

ment are endangered. Many of our people think that a Union like ours is a thing to be extemporized, a state of free society such as we enjoy, like Dogberry's reading and writing, is a possession that comes by nature! But, on the contrary, we find that only by a painstaking preference of the good, and endurance of the evil; a steady willingness to bear the ills we have, rather than fly to others that we know not of; a patient vindication of our political principles in constitutional ways, and with a conscientious attention to the principle which forbids us to do evil that good may come, can we hope to maintain and improve our great inheritance, and build an example and a character that shall truly animate and instruct Europe and the world.

It is because Italy is showing in that that she appreciates the cost of liberty, and is willing to pay its price, that we are disposed to meet and encourage her with the thoughtful sympathy of American hearts. Never had a nation greater difficulties to surmount. The mistress of the world, as she so long was, her very memories have oppressed her with their greatness, and seemed to make anything short of her old position, now hopeless, an uninviting one. People that feed on the fatness of a glorious past have less appetite for an active and earnest present; people that have supplied the law, the literature, and the art of the world can not easily be stimulated with the prospect of merely recovering their own economic and political rights. The very greatness of the ecclesiastical interests which Rome has represented has made Italy the conscript of Christendom, her real interests being steadily sacrificed to the interests of her wide-spread constituents, while her geographical and political position has subjected her to a dismemberment, an internal jealousy and want of unity, which make her present hopeful condition hardly less than a miracle.

It is hardly less than supernatural that under these circumstances Italy should offer better hopes of liberty than any of the disfranchised nationalities of Europe. Where shall we look for a people at this moment so truly in sympathy with the American and the English models of liberty, as the Piedmontese? Their interest in popular education; their jealousy of priestly domination; their efforts to establish manufactures and promote commerce; their legislative debates, free press, and earnest aspirations; their love of law and order; their willingness to suffer in the cause of liberty

and union, all indicate a self-governing power not yet elsewhere equally exhibited among the struggling nationalities of Europe. And it is certain that their example is most contagious and inspiring to the rest of Italy. Tuscany has exhibited the most extraordinary devotion to Italy—the willingness to sacrifice her predilections to the general good, and to give up her code-Napoleon, to which she would so gladly have returned, to a more strictly national system. We all know how prudently the Duchies have behaved, and how resolutely the Romagna is breasting the natural but impotent rage of the Pope. That Italy should show herself superior to her own internal divisions and jealousies, superior to the fascination of Napoleon's dynastic plans and ambitions there; superior to her dreams of the past, and her sicklied inertia from old recollections of pride and power, is evidence of her right to freedom, and of our duty to extend to her a grave and solid sympathy.

This is no question of Protestantism against Catholicism. It is not against the spiritual prestige of the Pope, and not against the Catholic Church, that liberty is waging war; but against the attempt of Catholicism to put down Protestantism by any other than spiritual weapons. We would just as soon unite in an expression of sympathy with Catholics in Sweden oppressed by Protestant fanaticism, as with Protestants in Italy oppressed by Catholic power. Religion must go out of the arena of politics, if she expects to appear therein any other than her peacemaking and spiritual character. Clothed in mail, we can treat her with no respect, either in her Protestant or Catholic uniform. We warn her off the Italian premises, not because she is Catholic, but because she is not purely spiritual, and does not confine herself to her divine and legitimate business. Far be it from me to speak disrespectfully; either of the Catholic religion, or any other religion sincerely revered among men. I could not do it of the Mohammedan or the Brahminic religions, much less of any Christian faith. To add one grain to the load of ignominy with which popular prejudices visit the vices which belonged to the ages through which Catholicism came, rather than to Catholicism itself, would be a meanness I am not capable of. But if religion is a sacred name, it is not more sacred than the name of Man; and when its machinery encumbers and smothers the aspirations and rights of freedom and humanity, it is in the name of Religion and of Christianity that we cast it off.

At a time, then, when the only public expression that has gone forth from this country has been the letter of the Roman Catholic prelates, in natural and honest sympathy with the Pope's temporal character and sovereignty, it is certainly fit that we should announce our sympathy with those who resist that chief impediment to the unity and the liberation of Italy.

It is true the Italian boot, like many others, has a very poor toe—quite worn out, indeed, in that region—but it pinches at this moment chiefly at the calf of the leg. It is not surprising, perhaps, that, like other boots, it should be soundest at the top. But it is singular, at this moment, on looking at the map, to see how the geographical position of Italy, France, and England indicates their relation to each other. France furnishes the body, of which little England supplies the head, and Italy the leg and foot. One can only regret that the foot is not turned the other way, and that, animated by French power and English will, it should not oust Austria and tyranny out of Italy, Hungary, and Poland, and make an end of the Italian question in all its vast correlations.

ADDRESS BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The coming together of such a meeting as this is characteristic of the age in which we live. This is a spontaneous gathering of free citizens, met to declare their sympathy with the struggling people of another continent, of a different lineage, and of a different language. But as love makes all languages one, so is it with liberty. New York is the metropolis of this land, and you are the tongue of New York; and your speech, to-night, is the voice of one continent speaking to another. In the days when the world was unacquainted with itself, when languages and customs were separating walls higher than the heavens, when jealousy and local selfishness were part, almost, of men's very religion, there could have been no such generous sympathy as that which now prevails in modern times, between nations possessing, and nations striving for, civil liberty.

And surely, of all people under the sun, we have a right to speak of the blessings of liberty. It is our birthright. It is not a thing lately achieved, and immature in its results. It was that spirit which evoked our fathers from their native land, which guided

them hither, which brooded over all their deliberations; and in its name, and through its wisdom, was every foundation laid, and each superstructure reared. And we are a people who, from generation to generation, have been brought up with the freest exercise of thought, of speech, and of conduct. Our testimony, then, is not that of new-made converts. It is not the enthusiasm of a sudden zealotry. We are speaking of the elements of our own life—of the things that are to us like sunshine, and air, and rain, and the very seasons with their abundance. We know what it is worth. We know that it is the very atmosphere in which men are reared, and that it is indispensable to the full development of a common manhood in any community; and a curse would be on us if, being blessed above all other people, we should fail to bear a testimony before the world. The first impulse of every generous soul who has received a blessing is to ask for a companion to share it. If a man were starving, he could scarcely eat his crust without a thought of dividing it. Shall we sit down in this half of the world, basely content to be supremely blessed ourselves, and have no thought, or care, or earnest longing, that our brethren of every language and every nationality shall be made participators with us in this greatest earthly bounty of God—regulated civil liberty?

And although, to-night, we are confined seemingly by these walls, and although thousands of leagues of oceans separate us from Italy, yet, in fact, we are speaking in their very ear. These words of mine, and your generous responses, shall not die to silence on these shores, and the noise of all the storms upon the sea shall not hinder it. My words shall be translated, and your words, sir, and shall be read by thousands in cities, in villages, and in the Vatican itself. And therefore it behooves us to send them, to-night, a message of cheer and of God-inspired enthusiasm. Let us say to them that their aspirations for liberty are religiously right, and that their expectations of blessings from it are reasonable. For more than two hundred years we have had the amplest experience of civil liberty, and we were never so much in love with it as we are to-day. It is the root of our manhood, and the spring of our intelligence. To be sure, we are yet vexed with many evils. The flame does not burn clearly. The offering smokes upon the altar with imperfect burning. For tyranny is a demon, and will not easily be cast out. It infects the human heart itself, and tempts all men to

be personally overbearing. It tempts religious societies to assume undue authority ; it tempts civil parties to be tyrannic and unjust ; it tempts the strong to tread down the weak, and reap the unjust gains of enforced labor. But let not the exulting proclamation of these evils which yet in some measure linger among us, mislead the hopes of patriots in Europe, or deceive the expectations of the people. A perfected work of liberty is the fruit of ages. It is its appointed work to exorcise every civil evil. It is a continuous work. It is going on among us victoriously ; and liberty never had so great a moral power on this continent as at this day. Let not priests, nor tyrants, nor glozing statesmen deceive our brethren abroad. Having tried the experiment, and of proportions suitable to a continent, we are prepared, to-day, better than any other people under the sun, to say to the Italian, "Liberty is worth all your struggles, your sacrifices, your very blood. Without it you will transmit to other generations children, however well born, but half developed." There can be no full manhood except in the atmosphere of liberty. Can a plant grow without light, and without sunlight ? Can a man grow without that element in which God stored all the blood for growth ?

In every human soul there is an ineradicable yearning for liberty. When that dies, the flame has sunk and gone out. The candlestick may remain—the candle is gone. Even in the darkest cellar, when spring comes, the tuber will sprout. No rains help it, and no sunlight ; yet it will waste its very life in shooting forth long and etiolated stems, and reach toward any chink or crevice through which the faintest gleam may come. But so little light as that makes growth to be exhaustion. And such are men grown in the darkness and dungeons of oppression ; while a free man, with all the circumstance and opportunity of admirable liberty, resembles more our own New England pine, that asks not richness of soil, that grows from among the rocks, and clothes the granite hills, and feeds abundantly even in the very sands—whose leaf never withers, and is as green in the winter as in the summer. Behold it, standing on the mountain top, and singing with every branch when summer winds sigh through it ; and even in the direst extremity of winter bearing up the cold snows upon its tufted branches as the warrior carries the white plume upon his head. And such is the man full-grown and strong in the nourishing air of liberty.

But this is a blessing which can never show its full excellence in single men. Individual liberty, isolated and exceptional, can never be what individual liberty is where free men touch free men on every side. Now and then a nobler nature may lift itself up with significant freedom in the midst of cruel oppressions. But such men no more represent the benefits of liberty than the gardener's hot-bed represents the wealth of full flaming summer in August days. It must be in the very air. It must inspire every life, intone each institution, glow in every custom, and shine forth like the very sun in the public sentiment of the whole intelligent community. The glory of liberty is seen only when it has reared up, from the bottom of society to the top, an educated, industrious, religious-minded common people. Regulated liberty—the liberty that makes laws and then obeys them; the liberty that builds states and then defends them; the liberty that takes the proportion not of single hearts, but of races and nations—this is the gift which God hath given to us, and which we fain would impart to every struggling people on the earth. The steps by which peoples may come to it may be slower in some instances than in others. Its advance, like the morning, may be through twilights, shining brighter and brighter to the perfect day; but it is the indispensable element of national health. It is the secret of the people's wealth.

And what people more than the Italian deserve our sympathy? From that hive has come the sweetest honey of poetry and of literature. On their anvils were forged the old swords that flashed high, and not in vain, in the defense of human rights, when happier days belonged to them. Upon their walls yet remain those matchless colors which, before printing was invented, or common schools were instituted, were a sacred literature. The painter's brush, the sculptor's chisel, were once the world's printing press; and grand natures left us noble thoughts and inspirations in architectural stone, in fresco, and on canvas. From that land we have received a wealth of civil law and philosophies of justice, and an example and inspiration of organization, for which we can never repay them. From them, largely, we borrowed the seeds whose harvests wave all around about us. Let us gather, then, from every field, the fairest fruits, and send them back a thank-offering.

I have said that the account of this meeting will go to Italy—for the world is now electric. The throb of your heart is felt to the

extremity of the world. Let your voice sound, as the voice of God, terrible in the tyrant's ear, and joyful to all the oppressed. The day is surely coming—the appointed day—when God shall avenge the people. Those among the crowned heads that are wise understand the prophecy, and already are in the interest of the people. They that understand it not are judicially blinded. Since they *will* not see, they *shall* not see. As men led to execution are blindfolded, so many obdurate tyrants are already blindfolded for their own destruction.

Let us not be unmindful of the service which Louis Napoleon of France is rendering to the cause of popular liberty. I abhor the methods by which he gained his power. I abhor whatever part of his administration is or has been despotic. I will not even claim that he has a disinterested love of universal liberty; but whether he does or does not love liberty, his conduct is significant. If he does, it is no small thing that the ablest monarch reigning in Europe, and over the most powerful people, has fulfilled the declaration that kings should be “nursing fathers.” But if he does not love liberty, his conduct is yet more significant; for what must be the public sentiment of the world, when a tyrant feels himself compelled by it to administer for freedom! But I believe that Louis Napoleon clearly perceived that the circumstances of Europe demanded that he should take the side of popular liberty, and that he is glad of it. It is an auspicious sign when monarchs seek to make thrones permanent by enlarging the basis of the people on which they stand. And I make haste to praise him, for fear the chance may pass away!

There are men that stand around about us to-night, and ridicule our speeches. They say, “It is nothing but wind.” It is *heart* wind. It is the breath of a whole people; and no wind bred in tropics had ever such power and majesty of motion as that. It was wind that took Columbus around the globe, and discovered this mighty continent on which we dwell. It is the want of free moving winds that leaves low places unventilated and pestilential. It is the free moving of the wind that renews the earth, and carries health around the globe. The very trouble of Italy is that there has not been air enough. It is the want of air to-day that makes it dangerous to live there. Give to Italian men the same use of their tongue that we have, the same right to speak—give them

free tongue-power—and they will overturn every oppression, and attain every needed right. Talking is not idle wind. When the heart blows, and the head—when a man's speech is the wind that noble thoughts and just sentiments make—let tyrants beware!

On many questions we are yet in sentiment divided among ourselves. The confederated States of this Union could not be brought together in one testimony to foreign lands in regard to every domestic question, nor even in regard to every application of the principles of liberty; but let the Italians know that there is no division among us anywhere in regard to the great doctrine of civil liberty in states and communities. And with all our home differences, if the question were put to-day to this land, whether it behoove the Italian people to be free and united under the common institutions of liberty, and from the North and from the South, from the Atlantic Ocean on the east to the Pacific Ocean on the west, with one voice louder than thunder, without one discordant dissent, they would send an all-hail to Italian liberty! We give them our fervent wishes. We offer for them our prayers. We are gazing upon them, witnesses of their past moderation and of their heroism. We have faith that the same Divine Hand that hath guided them thus far shall yet guide them. The sea shall be divided for their footsteps. They shall cross the desert, and be fed and saved therein. And we shall yet hear rising from the promised land the shout and the anthem of their achieved liberty!

PROFESSOR MITCHELL'S SPEECH.

Professor MITCHELL was next introduced, and addressed the audience as follows:

FELLOW-CITIZENS—I do not know how it is that I have been honored with an invitation to address you to-night. It has been my lot only to meddle with empires that belong to another world. I have been living all my lifetime among the millions of globes that stud the heavens, far away from mother earth—what, then, should I know of this earth, except that it revolves around the sun, freighted with living sentient beings? But that is a grand idea, that is a glorious idea, and I believe that all these worlds above us are freighted also with living beings; and I believe that one immortal soul is worth more than all these millions and millions of worlds.

And now, when I behold one solitary spirit on one of the smallest of these worlds, crushed down beneath the tread of tyranny and oppression, trying to lift itself up by the energy that God has given to it, then that spirit has my sympathy. What think you are my feelings toward a nation of millions of individuals determined to rise from the dust, by the eternal right that God has given them to liberty? I want to say a word with reference to the debt that we owe to Italy in my own department. My friends of the pulpit have most eloquently showed you how deeply they are indebted to that country in their own line; but we owe them still more in the knowledge we have of the heavenly bodies. It has been told you to-night that this was the land of Galileo—he who opened up to mankind the knowledge of the universe—who gave to the world knowledge of those eternal laws that God has impressed upon matter, by which the universe is governed, of which man had no previous conception. I was in this great land not long ago—I looked for beauty, and found nothing but ashes; I looked for glory, and found but disgrace. The spirit of man, which is greater than all other things, was crushed down into the dust. I looked into the glorious telescope of Galileo, as I stood upon the Leaning Tower of Pisa, where so many years before the young man had stood and said, “I will stand and defy the universe itself in proof of my doctrine”—and he stood there, and triumphed; I looked about me, and there still were the grand old mountains that have stood there for centuries, with all the other magnificent features that God has stamped upon that land. But the inhabitants were under the yoke of slavery. I saw there soldiers moving about the plains who did not belong to Italy. I saw their uniform—the white coat of Austria—and I asked a man what all this meant, and why there were Austrian soldiers in an Italian city. “Hush, hush,” he said, “you are a stranger here. We do not talk of these things—we only act in the dark, and at night, as occasion serves us. God grant that the day may come when we can lift our arms and assert our liberty!” Thank God! that day has now come—that glory has risen upon Italy, and the Italian now rises in the grandeur that belongs to him, and stands upon that magnificent platform which his ancestors reared for him, there to assert his rights, his power, and his independence, and to reach that glorious elevation which God has destined for that wonderful land—that magnificent

country. I have stood at night under the influence of that glorious and inspiring atmosphere, and have gazed upon the stars that flashed in beauty upon what?—a pack of slaves. Do you think that God ever formed that country for slavery? He formed it for freedom, and I send this fact, not to the Pope, but to the crushed and down trodden who have showed themselves anxious for liberty. They have prayed and waited until it seemed that despair had crushed it into the earth. But now, I say to them, My friends, rise! We give you joy. The time has come when tyranny can no longer oppress you. Come up, and be men, as God designed you to be. I call upon you again, by the glories of your ancestry—I call upon you by those who have led the world in arms, and art, and literature, to rise and assert your freedom—to rise and assert your rank among the nations of the earth. The day has come. God's blessing is upon you—manhood yearns over you—now is the time to strike for freedom—and God grant that the stroke may go home with irresistible power, and that your victory may be complete.

THE SYMPATHIES OF THE LADIES.

At the conclusion of Prof. Mitchell's speech, the President read a note from a lady in the audience, as follows:

“Please to send the warm and heartfelt sympathies of the women of America to their brothers and sisters in Italy.”

After three tremendous cheers for Garibaldi, the meeting was dismissed.

MUSIC VALE SEMINARY.

It is with pleasure that we copy the following notice of this highly popular and excellent institution, located at Salem, Conn., from *Ballou's Pictorial*:

"Its object is to make thorough theoretical and scientific pianists in the shortest time possible; and to give a good knowledge of music to young ladies, in the limited period allotted by custom for their education. In order to secure so desirable a result, the founder of the institution, Hon. O. Whittlesey, has adopted as a motto, the memorable words of Pitt: 'If it be that I have done so much, it is that I have done one thing at a time.' Music is the only science taught in the institution. It is located in a remarkably healthy and agreeable district. One is struck, on approaching it, with a home-like yet beautiful exterior—plain, unostentatious, yet pleasing, with rose-vines clambering over the veranda, and shaded by trees. You would not fancy it a school, if you did not hear the sound of mingled music from the various instruments. And a 'boarding-school' it is not, in the common sense of that word. It is more like a home, the pupils receiving the greatest care, so that among the hundreds of pupils it has numbered during the twenty years of its existence, there has never a single death occurred, while many who have come there in ill health, have been made well. It possesses the advantages of a retired situation, and consequent safety from all diverting excitement; and is near the consecrated ground selected by that favorite author, Ike Marvel, for the conception of those wonderful reveries; where still may be seen the 'old arm-chair,' in the 'grove on the knoll,' and the brook running by it. The Board of Examiners (composed of gentlemen of the highest musical talent), in their last annual report, commend this institution as eminently worthy of patronage. They say that the acquirements of the pupils were elucidated orally, and upon the piano and the black-board, with a rapidity and method so creditable to themselves, so honorable to the institution and its officers, so convincing to every one present of the utility and excellence of the principles upon which this institution is founded, and of its wonderful adaptation to a rapid improvement of the pupil, as to deserve, in the opinion of the committee, their highest commendations. Twenty years of unrivaled success have established the usefulness of this institution in the scientific and musical world. Its graduates are found occupying posts of honor and emolument as teachers of music in many of the States of the Union.'

In addition we can assure our readers that MUSIC VALE SEMINARY is the place to learn music. The pupil receives a *greater amount of instruction*, and *more lessons* are given there, in one quarter, than are usually given in the ordinary method in one year, and, besides, is under constant supervision, which prevents bad habits and malpractice. This institution, having for its object a thorough musical education, needs no special praise at our hands. Yet from our confidence in the certain benefit and advantage that accrue to the student who bends the entire energies of the mind to one object, and having witnessed the operation of the unit system, or "one thing at a time principle" at Music Vale Seminary, we feel compelled to say a word in its favor, and commend our readers to its interests. For particulars, address as above, and ask for a catalogue.—*From Beadle's Home Monthly.*

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